

## Irish Soups

Poems, Artwork, Short Stories, Notes, Ramblings

You must think me a mad man

You are my first love - your smile a close second  
One of the things I would do when I hadn't heard  
from my mother in a while was to ask her for a  
book of stamps - she mostly would always send  
some right away and I would always get a note  
or letter from her - that was all I wanted to hear  
from my mom - I love you - thank you for the stamps

You are my light here in this infinite darkness

James my brother, a memory - we would ride in cars  
with no seatbelts bouncing up in down - jumping all  
around - remember riding on the headlights of that  
'36 olds - I love you big brother

Happy Birthday Maria - July 21, 2011 ♡

#223 Transform anger with kindness, evil with good,  
meanness with generosity, and deceit with integrity

My Love to Aunt Alice - May the stars always shine  
for you ♡

Cousin Ginny - thank you for the blog, thank you for the  
letters - thank you for being such a great granddaughter to my  
Aunt Alice ☺

Hi little sister ♡ thank you for loving me - thank you for  
the letters - blog ♡, someone's out there - I love you ♡

Cella, Ted, Tony - can't a <sup>your</sup> brother get a note or a card, write  
something on the blog. ☺ ♡

Nothing sounds better than lounging on a beach with  
my Jeanette - Forever + Ever ♡

Family and old friends are on my mind - there is still  
time to make more great memories.

Between the movement of the brush <sup>between</sup> and my fingers and  
the thoughts of shapes and colors I am conscious and alive  
You are the cream + sugar in my coffee ☺

I could sure use a book of stamps ☺ ♡